

THE LIBRARY ASSISTANT

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE ASSOCIATION
OF ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS

(Section of the Library
Association)

Edited by T. E. Callander, A.L.A.

Fulham Public Libraries



CONTENTS

	Page
EDITORIAL	106
MAY EXAMINATIONS, 1932	108
THE LITERATURE OF THE GREAT WAR	109
T. C. Kemp	
VALUATIONS	119
Frank M. Gardner	
PSEUDONYMOUS LITERATURE AND CONSISTENCY	124
J. L. Thornton	
REPORT ON COMPETITION No. 4.	125
THE DIVISIONS :	
Midland Division	127
North-Eastern Division	128
North-Western Division	129
South-Western Division	130
NEW MEMBERS	131

EDITORIAL

THE next meeting of the Association will be held at Dagenham on 11th May. The programme is as follows:

- 3 p.m. Members meet at Chadwell Heath L.N.E. Railway Station (from Liverpool Street). Members who prefer may travel by Green Line bus from Charing Cross to Chadwell Heath Lane.
- 3.15 p.m. Inspection of the Ford Motor Works (a very special concession, as parties are not usually allowed to visit the works).
- 5.30 p.m. Tea at the Chadwell Heath Branch Library, by kind invitation of the Dagenham staff.
- 6.30 p.m. Meeting at the Chadwell Heath Branch Library. *Chairman*: the Chairman of the Libraries Committee. *Speaker*: Mr. E. O. Reed. *Subject*: "Enthusiasms."

Members intending to be present are requested to notify Mr. John G. O'Leary, Chief Librarian of Dagenham, at the Chadwell Heath Branch Library, High Road, Chadwell Heath, Essex, by 7th May at the latest.

The next meeting of the Council will be held on Wednesday, 18th May, at 10.30 a.m., at the Nalogo Headquarters.

A dance, arranged by the School of Librarianship Old Students' Association, in co-operation with the University College Librarianship Students' Association, will be held on Wednesday, 5th May, at 7.30 p.m., at the University Union, 68, Torrington Square, W.C.1. Tickets (2s. 6d. each, excluding refreshments) may be obtained from Miss R. A. Atkins, Central Library, Fulham, S.W.6.

During the past few months we have received many reports of economy measures as they have affected libraries. Though many of them have not been greatly to the credit of local authorities, we have felt it to be outside our province to comment upon them. We have, however, had brought to our notice a case which demands publicity. The Battersea Borough Council has decided to reduce the professional staff of the Public Libraries by four members, and has transferred the assistants affected to the Electricity Department, presumably as clerks. We realize that, during a time of depression, hardship must come to many wage-earners, and we understand that from one point of view the Battersea assistants must consider themselves lucky to be still in employment. The action of the Battersea Council cannot, however, be excused on such grounds. It should be understood by them that the so-called sheltered professions, librarianship among them, have accepted a decidedly lower rate of remuneration than is general

The Library Assistant

in the commercial world, on the tacit understanding that they shall have reasonable immunity when times are bad. Again, the Council did not apparently recognize the callous indifference implied in transferring, like so many cattle, men who have selected librarianship as their vocation, and have been at some pains to train themselves in it, to an environment which can only be distasteful to them. And finally, we are by no means convinced that this action was essential to the economical administration of the borough.

Candidates for the L.A. Examination in Cataloguing, which will be held this month, will find Sayers's *First steps in annotation in catalogues* of great value to them in completing their studies. In view of the limited supply available, orders should be placed at once with Mr. S. W. Martin, Carnegie Library, Herne Hill, S.E.24. The price of the pamphlet is 7d. post free.

The Annual Business Meeting of the Section will be held on 8th June at Leamington Spa, where Mr. W. Ewart Owen, the Chief Librarian, has arranged the following attractive programme :

- 9.10 a.m. . London members leave Paddington.
- 10.44 . Arrive at Leamington Spa.
- 10.44-12.30 Inspection of Leamington, the Gardens, the Pump Room, etc.
- 12.30 p.m. . Lunch at the Cadena Café (cost 2s.). Members requiring lunch are requested to inform Mr. H. Sargeant, Central Library, Coventry, not later than 14th May, so that adequate arrangements may be made.
- 1.30 . Members may join one of three parties :
 - (a) Walk across the fields to Guy's Cliff.
 - (b) Visit to Warwick: Beauchamp's Chapel and Leicester Hospital (admission, 6d. each place).
 - (c) Visit to Warwick Castle (admission, 2s.).
- 4.45 . Tea in the Jephson Gardens, if fine, or, if wet, in the Town Hall, by kind invitation of the Mayor, Alderman R. F. Bury.
- 5.30 . Annual Business Meeting, in the Assembly Room of the Town Hall. Presidential address by Mr. W. G. Fry, of Manchester.
- 8.17 . London members leave Leamington.
- 10.5 . Arrive at Paddington.

London members who propose to attend must notify Miss Elsie Exley, St. Marylebone Public Library, Gloucester Place, W.1, not later than 3rd June, enclosing 11s. for fare.

The Library Assistant

Provincial members should make their own arrangements for reaching Leamington Spa.

All members, both London and provincial, who propose to attend, should notify Mr. H. Sargeant, Public Library, Coventry—

(a) If they require lunch.

(b) Which afternoon party they wish to join.

MAY EXAMINATIONS, 1932

The *dates* of the Examinations are as follows :

- 23rd May . Section 3, Classification.
- 24th May . Section 4, Cataloguing.
- 25th May . Section 5, Library Organization.
- 26th May . Section 6, Library Routine and Language Examinations.
- 27th May . Section 1, Literary History (special period : Dr. Johnson and his circle).
- 28th May . Section 2, Bibliography, and either Book Selection or Palæography and the Archive Sciences.

The *examiners* for the Examinations are as follows :

- Section 1, Literary History . Messrs. Gurner P. Jones, B.A., A.L.A., and L. F. Powell, M.A., F.L.A.
- Section 2, Bibliography . Messrs. J. D. Cowley, M.A., F.L.A., and W. A. Fenton, M.A., F.L.A.
- Palæography . Messrs. V. H. Galbraith, M.A., and H. Jenkinson, F.S.A.
- Section 3, Classification . Messrs. L. S. Jast, F.L.A., and L. R. McColvin, F.L.A.
- Section 4, Cataloguing . Messrs. F. E. Sandry, F.L.A., and J. D. Stewart, F.L.A.
- Section 5, Organization . Messrs. W. C. Berwick Sayers, F.L.A., and W. B. Thorne, F.L.A.
- Section 6, Library Routine . Messrs. H. A. Sharp, F.L.A., and A. Sparke, F.L.A.
- French Mr. W. A. Fenton, M.A., F.L.A.
- German Mr. J. Wilks, M.A., F.L.A.
- Irish Mr. R. Flower, B.A., F.L.A.

The Library Assistant

Italian	Mr. A. J. K. Esdaile, M.A., F.L.A.
Latin	Mr. B. Anderton, M.A., F.L.A.
Spanish	Mrs. H. F. Grant.

NOTICE

Beginning with the May 1933 Examinations the Special Period for the English Literary Examination (Final, Part I) will be 1785-1830.



THE LITERATURE OF THE GREAT WAR

(A paper read at the March meeting of the Birmingham and District Branch)

By T. C. KEMP

IT is part of the price of development and progress that one generation shall differ from another; and although the fundamental differences may not be very great, yet the superficial differences between one generation and the one ahead of it become more marked as time goes on.

The rapid developments of science and the extensive exploitation of natural resources account partly for this; also, I think that the increased intellectual activity of one generation bears fruit in the next; if we examine conditions closely enough we can generally find a reason for change: we find that the cycles move relentlessly on; action and reaction; cause and effect.

The Great War was fought, not by the generations which caused it, but by the generation unfortunate enough to be young when folly had gone as far as it could. The Lost Generation, as it is sometimes called, was sacrificed because its forefathers would not acknowledge "that human virtues are superior to those of national idolatry"; that—as Henry Williamson says—"men are brothers made for laughter one with another; that we must free the child from all things which maintain the ideals of a commercial nationalism, the ideals which inspired and generated the barrages in which ten million men, their laughter corrupted, perished."

The repercussions of the War of 1914 to 1918 have come buffeting down the years, and now in 1932 we have half the world on the verge of bankruptcy; we have our financial machinery complicated almost past human unravelling; the world's granaries are full to overflowing, yet millions of people are unable to find a

The Library Assistant

job of work ; the world's warehouses are stuffed with goods, yet we have to pay people insurance upon which to live ; manufacturers are making goods which they cannot sell, and thousands need goods which they cannot buy. Gold, which is uneatable, unwearable, too soft to make even a good agricultural tool, gold, I say, is exalted to the pre-eminence of the idol of the heathen : we worship the Golden Calf, and the well-being of a nation is regulated by the number of bars of this yellow metal which it has in its underground vaults. We cast back to find the cause of it all, and we stop at the fateful years 1914 to 1918. The Great War was partly the cause and partly the occasion for the confusion that has prevailed since ; and to add to the tragedy, the lessons that it could have taught have not been learned.

Now, if this were the affair of one generation only there would be little cause for complaint. Although it works more slowly in the case of a nation than in the case of an individual, the old saying is still true, that a man reaps as he sows ; but it is also true that weeds are persistent ; a sowing of tares will bear fruit harvest after harvest ; innocent generations will have to reap what is sown by their forefathers. The present confusion is the harvest of the sowing of the years 1914 to 1918.

All this being so, it is encouraging to remember that there has gradually accumulated a Literature of the Great War. So long as men can read, there will be the warning written plainly for all to see. After the survivors of the generation that waged the war have passed away, there will remain the books, the literature—the writing on the wall. It is comforting to know that atonement has been made, not by the statesmen and potentates, but by the writers, the painters, and the poets.

There must, however, be given one word of warning, and it is a warning that applies to all literature. No words can fully and completely convey what a man feels and what he himself has experienced. Words, skilfully used, can convey much to the hearer, but there always remains with the speaker some aspect of his image which he can never hope to convey fully and completely. No words, written or spoken, can ever convey to the full the mental and physical experiences of those who took part in the War. There are many magnificent works : works that deserve to endure as everlasting memorials of the greatest tragedy that has yet befallen the human race ; but even these cannot tell all. However, they convey much that is terribly true ; and much that is vivid with the colours that can be used only by those who saw the things of which they write ; and they are sufficiently near actuality to form an irrevocable condemnation of the folly of the squandered years. The Literature of the War is convincing enough to stand between us and a repetition ; and it is great enough to serve as a bulwark of information and experience which alone can prevent a recurrence.

The Library Assistant

Literary criticism often errs in saying that until an event has become sufficiently remote to be regarded as history, it cannot be viewed in its true proportions; this may be so in the cold abstractions which obtain in political history, but from the standpoint of the ordinary individual the passing of time merely tends to soften sharp outlines and often to impart a fictitious glory to what is essentially base and ignoble; in the mists of the past, events become distorted and twisted, until the report of the historian is often of no more value than mere conjecture. Fourteen years is a long time, and memories are beginning to grow dim: men who were young in 1914 are now approaching middle age, and a grey head often contains a failing memory. Therefore, I repeat, it is a matter for thankfulness that the literary records of the War are already so rich; rich not only in variety, but rich inasmuch as these records are being written by men who made history; men who saw with their own eyes the things of which they write; men whose testimony is truer and more faithful than that of any historian can ever hope to be.

A comprehensive guide to the Literature of the War was issued in 1922 by the British Museum. It is a subject-index of books acquired by the British Museum from 1914 to 1920. It is well arranged, and contains roughly some ten thousand items. It has 196 pages, each printed in double columns. Fiction in the form of war novels is unrepresented, although there are many personal accounts.

The catalogue is arranged under five main subject-headings:

The first is "Bibliography." Owing to the comparatively early date of issue, this section is naturally short; but it includes all the principal bibliographies issued up to 1920, foreign as well as English.

Then comes the very important heading, "Military and Naval History." This is a very extensive division, and covers all the accounts of military campaigns; accounts of the various great battles, and books on strategy and tactics; in fact, it includes all the matter necessary for students of the military history of the War on the many fronts on which fighting took place.

The third division, equal in size to the second, is headed, "Political and Social History." This is a section which will appeal to a greater number of readers than any other. It deals with the international complications which led up to the War, and with all the economic conditions which changed so rapidly from month to month, and which were to have so marked an influence on the post-War world. To notice only one great change brought about in those years, we may mention the rapid emancipation of women, which settled once and for all the question of woman-suffrage. When women have been munition-workers, policewomen, post-women, railway guards, and even librarians, there is no question of ever going back to the conditions against which Mrs. Pankhurst and the Suffragettes so strenuously fought.

This division also has sub-headings, one of which is "War Poetry and Literature."

The Library Assistant

ture," and this contains works that will be remembered when the tactics of the Battle of the Marne are forgotten. Others of these subheadings are interesting as throwing light on our war-time mentality, and awaken memories of the many strange theories which were advanced to explain the War. For instance, there is a subheading, "Prophecies, Visions, etc.," and this section includes no less than ninety-four separate works. Some of the titles read strangely now: "Is the Kaiser the 'Beast' referred to in the Book of Revelation?" Another: "The Great War as foretold in the Bible"; and yet a third: "Is the Kaiser Lucifer?" Questions such as these were asked in all seriousness; one wonders what the ex-German Emperor—living quietly in Holland, and chopping wood for a hobby—thinks of it all.

There are nine books and pamphlets on "The Angels of Mons." This was a story told in the early days of the great retreat from Mons, of angels appearing between the retreating English and the oncoming Germans. The angels apparently had a decided Anglican bias, consequently the story was very popular, like the story of the Russians passing through England to the Western Front.

The fourth division of the British Museum subject-index is headed, "General and Miscellaneous Works." This is quite a small section of the whole, and so is the fifth section, which is headed, "Peace and Reconstruction"; but although this last section occupies only 11 pages, it is important as showing the temper of the exhausted nations in 1918. Under the heading, "Indemnities," we find entries such as these:

"How Germany can and shall pay her debt in full," 1919.

"Lest we forget," Why Germany must pay, 1919.

There is, however, no mention of a year's respite to be arranged by President Hoover in 1931!

Another excellent bibliography which includes much later literature is one entitled "War Books," by Cyril Falls. This includes works published up to the end of 1928. The classification in this is somewhat closer, and reveals the fact that up to the end of 1928 over one hundred and twenty separate histories of different regiments had been written; this is, histories of the part these units played in the War. This bibliography has too a short critical annotation for each item, and as the author seems to be a man of considerable discrimination, his bibliography forms a reliable guide.

But the true significance of the Literature of the War does not lie in these bibliographical details: its real value lies in its capacity to act as a warning. Remember that the lessons of the War are to be learned, not in the works of the politicians, not even in the works of admirals and generals, but in the personal accounts of the ordinary man.

I do not propose to discuss individual books. One has a list of some forty

The Library Assistant

of these personal accounts, which have been studied considerably; although each is different from the rest in treatment, the conclusions to be drawn from them all are remarkably constant, and so a few general remarks on the recurring factors will probably be more acceptable than brief criticisms of individual works.

There is only one way in which to read these personal accounts: you must put aside all ideas of heroes; all the old fictitious glory that has hung about war for centuries; and instead of imagining the narrator to be a super-man, just think of an ordinary fellow—a fellow very much like the man who sits opposite you in the train; a man very much like the clerk who cashes your cheque at the bank; a man very similar to the one who comes to the counter and asks for a Birmingham Directory; a man who might be a policeman; a man like yourself. If you are thus able to realize that Everyman was the hero of the Great War, your reading will assume a life-like complexion, and your story will not appear as an Epic written on some inspired beings who strove together as Gods against a horde of devils.

With the personal accounts may be included poetry. For the study of the extent of the poetry of the Great War you cannot do better than consult the catalogue of the War poetry collection in the Birmingham Reference Library. There you will find works from the poetry of several nations; and poetry of all grades, from the jingling lines full of the bathos of the patriotic fanatics, to the clear limpid thoughts of such men as Rupert Brooke. But, unfortunately, the English as a race are not poetry-lovers. As Mr. Humbert Wolfe told the A.A.L. a few years ago, poetry is the Cinderella of the Arts.

Happily, however, there is no doubt that our abundance of fine prose is being widely read. This is all to the good, so long as readers realize that these works are the experiences of the men who wrote them; that these are the stories of the perished years; stories which were to speak for the thousands of inarticulate warriors whose tale was never told; stories which, one fears, are often read thoughtlessly by a generation which does not know and therefore cannot understand. One fears that peculiar ostrich-like attitude so often displayed by the human race. In our days of health we ignore our physicians; in our days of peace and security we ignore our prophets; but if, with all these warnings so persistently repeated, with all these pictures so accurately painted before our eyes, with all this literature standing upon our shelves, if—I say—we ever allow the tragedy to be enacted again, then we are asking for extinction, and what is more—we shall deserve it. There is a danger of this. Current events point it out plainly. Also there is that glamour, which I mentioned earlier, the glamour that time so dangerously sheds round past events; Siegfried Sassoon points out this in his little poem called, "Song Books of the War." He says:

The Library Assistant

*In fifty years when peace outshines
Remembrance of the battle lines,
Adventurous lads will sigh and cast
Proud looks upon the plundered past.
On summer morn or winter's night
Their heart will kindle for the fight,
Reading a snatch of soldier-song,
Savage and jaunty, fierce and strong ;
And through the angry marching rhymes
Of blind regret and haggard mirth,
They'll envy us the dazzling times
When sacrifice absolved our earth.*

*Some ancient man with silver locks
Will lift his weary face to say :
" War was a fiend who stopped our clocks
Although we met him grim and gay."
And then he'll speak of Haig's last drive,
Marvelling that any came alive
Out of the shambles that men built
And smashed, to cleanse the world of guilt.
But the boys with grim and sidelong glance,
Will think, " Poor grandad's day is done,"
And dream of lads who fought in France
And lived in time to share the fun.*

And what are the characteristics of these books of the War ? Read Edmund Blunden's *Undertones of war*. Read Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of an infantry officer*—two of the finest accounts that have yet appeared in England. Read also *The Jestling armies*, by Ernest Raymond ; read *Good-bye to all that*, by Robert Graves ; read C. E. Montague's *Disenchantment*, and read R. H. Mottram's *Spanish farm*, and you will find them all unanimous in their condemnation of war as a means of settling human differences. You will find them all reacting in the same way to the appalling conditions of the Great War. Of course, it is impossible in a short paper to deal fully with even a few of these aspects and conditions. The War itself was so vast : it was fought in various places over half the world and on each of the seven seas. No single account can give more than a glimpse. To the man in the trench the War was confined to a small section of a foul ditch in the earth ; but in those ditches the bitterest of the War's tragedies were played out to their inevitable ends. Each of these personal accounts gives an intensive picture of trench or

The Library Assistant

gunpit, and of the forces which sustained men in them. Patriotism, of course, has been the supposed guiding-star of the soldier ever since war was first glorified by the ancient minstrels and bards.

It is not difficult to understand the patriotism of Ancient Greece, for instance, where the State was exalted to the dignity of an ideal. It is not difficult to understand the fighting enthusiasm of the Greek soldier, when a battle was a matter of one engagement, lasting for a few hours, and cleanly fought on an open field; when foemen met face to face, and chemical poisoning and high explosives were unknown. Nor is it impossible to realize the conditions of the Boer War, where marksmanship and marching prowess were primary virtues. But the so-called Great War, with its burrowing and blasting, with its Titanic explosions, with its poison gas and the Terror that flies by night, with its unutterable tedium and its maddening excitement, with the Great War, I say, we must delve very deeply to discover the power that sustained men month after month and year after year.

Imagine a battalion marching into the battle of the Somme. Perhaps some here can remember that, as the normal landscape was left behind, as blasted trees and shell-torn fields took the place of green grass and quiet farms, the laughter and singing died down in the long column of fours of those men who were marching East; how the distant rumbling sounded nearer and nearer, that significant devil's tattoo called a bombardment; yet the men's feet moved steadily towards the East and the trenches, most of them knowing full well to what they were going, and all of them realizing that in the natural order of Somme warfare much less than half of them would ever march westward again.

What was the driving force that kept them going? what was the "faith and fire" within them, as Thomas Hardy called it? In the majority of cases it was certainly not the fear of punishment should they desert. No; put briefly, they knew that the job was to be done and that they were there to do it. Certainly they were inspired by no burning patriotic fervour, as such. No cold abstraction such as the State could have sustained to the end the miners, the university men, the clerks, and the ploughmen. It was probably a host of impulses that sustained them; and it would be an interesting task for a psychologist to examine the forces which kept up the armies in the Great War. I suppose, in most cases, the primary urge came from the fact that someone believed in them, and that they were in some way defending from a vague danger those they had left behind; this was never voiced, but all the same, many a Tommy, when clad in khaki and a steel helmet, became a knight in armour to some girl whom he had left behind in a city slum. Then, after the immediate personal urge, there came a host of different driving and sustaining forces, so complicated that the last thing they would bear was examination; a certain pride in being physically capable of doing what others had done; old public-school and board-school traditions of playing the game;

The Library Assistant

the age-old call of adventure and the unknown; a belief—to be shaken at a later date—that this was a war to end war; an affection for the fellow marching next in the column of fours—all these, and other hidden forces, mixed in that confused medley which forms the training of most of us, all these resulted in a fixity of purpose which developed into a faith, and which was one of the brightest spots in the gloom of the War. This faith, which pervaded the great armies in the field, was the only anchorage of which we were sure in those shifting years.

All this may appear trite to a new and sophisticated generation, but there is no doubt about it, that in those days the veneer was stripped off layer by layer, and a few primary virtues formed our entire stock-in-trade. As Mr. Humbert Wolfe said recently:

“It is a great event to understand the obvious for the first time for oneself. We mumble platitudes, but one day a platitude happens to us—and we die screaming with terror, or walk for a while with the light, bright step of an archangel.” Do not think for one moment that these inner faiths were paraded: there was nothing in the nature of heroics; occasionally two friends, in some dug-out or in some little café behind the line, would perhaps talk of the things that mattered; but usually men did not air any high-flown sentiments: a wounded man with a safe wound was not regarded as a hero who had bled for his country; no—he was a “lucky blighter,” or a lucky something beginning with the same letter; usually cynicism and humour served in turn to hide the real feelings of the man in the trench. When the average Englishman went to war, on went the comic mask, and grief masqueraded behind a grin.

There is another aspect of this War literature which should be borne in mind in these days when disarmament is being discussed, and that is, the lack of enmity or personal hatred between the individuals on opposite sides. No one hated individual Germans; that is, no one that mattered. The folk that hated the Germans most were those who were farthest away from them. In spite of the official attempts to organize hate, and the military attempts to rouse the troops to a sanguinary frenzy, the Germans and the Tommies often carried on the War very much in the spirit in which a rigorous game is played; with Life as a first prize, and a comfortable wound as a consolation prize. It was very significant that the gilded staff and professional soldiers who lived by war always referred to the Germans as “the Bosche”; yet the troops—the men who had gone into the trenches from office, factory, and field—spoke of “old Jerry.”

One of the interesting sidelights of intensive warfare was the aspect which a German assumed in the eyes of his captors. Once a German trench had been captured, and the German prisoners were being taken down, one found that the fiends in grey were nothing more formidable than perhaps a school-teacher from Saxony; or a mild spectacled youth who not long before had been a milkman in

The Library Assistant

Berlin. This spontaneous freemasonry was open only to those who had been admitted to the society of front-line soldiery. One of the most humorous sights of the War was a prisoners' cage filled with Germans captured on the Somme. The cage was surrounded by British soldiers exchanging cigarettes for buttons and views on the state of Europe. One still has a 10-pfennig piece which a blue-eyed Saxon gave in exchange for two Woodbines; and all the time this bartering and bantering was going on, a French civilian was standing near and cursing at the top of his voice the German nation in general, and this cageful in particular: foaming at the mouth, and calling down all the plagues of Egypt on the Germans, and on "Les Anglais" for deigning even to speak with them. He persisted till he was breathless, in spite of frequent requests to "Shut up!" and "Allez!"

Perhaps you would like to hear two short extracts from letters written by two soldiers in France: they are taken from the volume of *Letters of fallen Englishmen*, edited by Housman.

The first is from 2nd Lieutenant Alfred Richard Williams, killed in action, France, 16th August, 1917, age 23. He says:

"I confess to some mistrust of the attitude which consents to, and even demands, a permanent European estrangement. Germany has got to be beaten, and, in that way, since it is the only way, shown the error of her ways. Then, we must not only tolerate the return of the whipped child into the family circle again, but if we want peace, not merely for our own advantage, but for the sake of peace itself, we must even be prepared to lend a helping hand."

The second is an extract from a letter written by Sergeant-Major Frederick H. Keeling, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, Winchester and Trinity College, Cambridge, killed in action, France, August 1916, age 30:

"I do think that after the War there will be a wave of practical pacifism from the ex-infantrymen of western Europe that will sweep away many barriers to progress. I will go on fighting as long as is necessary to get a decision in this war, and show that prepared militarism cannot dominate the world—whatever hell may be in store for me. But I will not hate Germans to the order of any bloody politician, and the first thing I shall do after I am free will be to go to Germany and create all the ties I can with German life. It is the soldiers who will be the good pacifists."

One is irresistibly driven to truths such as these in studying the literature of the Great War. But this one overwhelming fact emerges over all others—war is wrong. It is an anachronism: it should be as obsolete as the rack or the water-torture. The world is slow to learn these things. It is in the nature of things to let the past bury its dead and to forget the horrors and hideousness of the years

The Library Assistant

1914 to 1918. But lest we grow too careless, it is well, just occasionally, to try to recall those years as Sassoon recalls them in his poem "Aftermath":

*Have you forgotten yet ?
For the world's events have rumbled on since those gagged days,
Like traffic checked awhile at the crossing of city ways ;
And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with thoughts that flow
Like clouds in the lit heaven of life ; and you're a man reprieved to go,
Taking your peaceful share of time, with joy to spare.
But the past is just the same—and war's a bloody game . . .
Have you forgotten yet ?
Look down and swear by the slain of the War that you'll never forget.*

*Do you remember the dark months you held the sector at Mametz—
The nights you watched and wired and dug, and piled sandbags on parapets ?
Do you remember the rats ; and the stench
Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line trench—
And dawn coming, dirty-white, and chill with a hopeless rain ?
Do you ever stop and ask, " Is it all going to happen again ? "*

The long trail of waste and misery that marks the track of war has been plainly pointed by the literature which we know familiarly as " War Books." Individuals do not desire to follow this hopeless road, but by some curious, perverse alchemy, practised chiefly in the schools of rabid nationalism, the nations of the world, again and again, engender situations of tension and difficulty, and races pursue once more the way of desolation with the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse riding ahead.

But the outlook is not hopeless: the League of Nations and the Conferences on Disarmament are rigorous signs of sanity. There remain several cardinal truths, not only to be recognized, but also to be practised. The way out lies along lines of simplification. The lives of individuals and of races rest on an assumed basis of good faith. We must learn to distinguish between artificialities and essentials. We must cut away such of the wreckage of the past as we have so long mistaken for anchorage. We must recognize simple first principles regarding the fruits of the earth and the needs of men. We must not mistake the machinery of life for life; we must not make the end subservient to the means. In other words, we must try to recognize the full truth of the recent saying of a very wise man: " The saving forces of civilization are three: the faithfulness of trustees, the skill of the competent, and the courage of the brave ! "

The Library Assistant

VALUATIONS

By FRANK M. GARDNER

I HAVE always felt a profound pity for the reformer. He is engaged in that most disheartening of tasks, accelerating the snail-like path of progress. He is denounced as a busybody, or ignored as a crank for pointing out the obvious maladjustments in what we call (and how the Greeks must laugh) our civilization. Neither cash nor credit is his, for this world has no rewards for altruism, and as for the credit, some later opportunist usually takes that. He has not even, in this squeamish age, the satisfaction of being a martyr. He is just forgotten, or at best, merges into history as a tendency.

Myself, I am not a very good reformer. I am a pointer-out of error rather than a repairer of it. I protest, but not very loudly. Though I burn with censure at what I conceive to be wrong, I should hate to burn in fact for what I conceive to be right. I have a horror of identifying myself with movements, and banners are, for me, too self-conscious a burden. And in general it seems that, not only does man get what he deserves, but he deserves all he gets. It is only when I am involved in the general punishment that my zeal is really aroused.

After the recent fiasco, I am thinking of getting into touch with the Society for a Fixed Easter. There must be one somewhere, I suppose, and the Secretary will be rubbing his hands with pleasure just now at the prospect of at last getting something done. For me, the five rainy days were not so bad. I thanked God I was a librarian, and thus had some fairly new books on hand. I am also blessed with charming friends of a truly celestial hospitality. But I saw those damp and miserable queues outside the picture-houses, and was acutely conscious of the limitations of democracy. The people were so horribly patient. They accepted the vagaries of the spring holiday as something inevitable. They accepted the consequent ruining of the best vacation of the year as something inescapable. And when common sense prevails in this matter—as I suppose sooner or later it must—they will accept it, not as the result of common sense, but as another dispensation.

The possible existence of the moron is something I have never recognized. To my vaguely Wellsian philosophy a faith in democracy is vital. And in my notes in these pages that faith has always underlain my opinions. I have demanded a policy of not looking down but reaching down. But with the picture of those damp and miserable queues in my memory, I am at the moment wondering if, by reaching down, we shall ever bring anything up.

But perhaps I maunder. I may thresh this matter out in another place. At present there is too much in the concrete awaiting my attention for these excursions into the abstract.

The Library Assistant

The Book window (Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son). Spring number

It is a pity, perhaps, that the *Book window* has such obvious points of similarity to the library bulletin. One compares. One contrasts. One pats Messrs. Smith & Son on their collective back while throwing the library bulletin out of the window. The book notes here, being written by someone who can write, are readable. The spring book list, being selective, invites browsing. The writer of the "Children's corner" realizes that children like lists even less than adults. I realize, of course, that no individual library can hope to achieve anything so interesting as the *Book window*. But, to resuscitate a suggestion I made a year ago, libraries collectively could. The books mentioned in this publication are all (I hope) in the major libraries of the country. A collective spirit and a little organization could produce a bulletin which would effectively replace all the individual efforts now strewn on my desk.

There is an article, or rather a conspectus, in this number of *The Book window* which seems likely to give a new lease of life to the eternal "best book" game. This time it is "The Fifty best books since the War," and though some contributors are not very sure of their chronology, and cheat by including abridged editions and translations of pre-War books, Mr. James Milne has collected a lot of interesting opinions. Far and away the best list comes from Mr. Walpole, who conceals beneath his Book Society façade an enormous appreciation of modern literature (or perhaps his enormous appreciation of modern literature betrayed him into the Book Society). His is the only choice to include T. S. Eliot and Virginia Woolf. He recognizes the existence of "Ulysses." He prefers *Angel pavement* to the *Good companions* (though I don't see why he should choose either). And I feel a bond of affinity with him for including Helen Waddell's *Wandering scholars*. Beside Mr. Walpole's, the other lists are comparatively poor, though Mr. Arthur Waugh has a good one, in which he mentions *Vile bodies* and the delightful *Some people*, and Mr. Robert Hichens draws attention to Spengler's *Decline of the west*. With Mr. Milne's final selection I have few quarrels. I was not impressed with *The Story of San Michele*, however, and I never thought Ludwig much more than a mess of words. But *Napoleon* is undoubtedly his best book. Nor can I see any reason for the inclusion of *Journey's end* or *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*.

I grieve that many of my own personal predilections are mentioned by no one: *The Polyglots* and *His monkey wife*; *The Dark journey* and *Look homeward, angel*; *Decline and fall*, which Mr. Fothergill thinks is the wittiest book of all time. And *Juan in America*, in which a friend of mine sees a genuine specimen of the picaresque novel, in direct affinity with *The Golden ass* and the *Satyricon*. I look in vain for any mention of Naomi Mitchison, who, I think, is the greatest historical

The Library Assistant

novelist since Scott, though I have had many bitter arguments with my friends about her. And then the Americans—surely John Dos Passos' 42nd parallel and Ernest Hemingway's *Farewell to arms* should have been supported by someone.

All these are fiction, but there are several non-fiction (oh, how I hate that word !) books one would have confidently expected to be in most people's choice : Huxley's *Africa view* ; Gides' *Travels on the Congo* ; Wilenski's *Modern movement in art* ; at least one book of Maritain's—*Three reformers*—would be my preference ; Eugene O'Neill's *Mourning becomes Electra*, or if that is too new to be assessed, *Desire under the elms*, and, by special pleading, the ever-delicious *Archy and Mehitabel*. You see, I enjoy the game as much as anyone !

Oxford. A Survey of the city library system

I approached this survey with some pleasure. Its cover promised well. But when I read that it embodied a report made by the library committee to a special sub-committee on expenditure, serious consideration was jeopardized.

The ways of library committees are mysterious. Their minds move on lines which would have perhaps been more comprehensible to W. S. Gilbert than to me. I should have thought, for instance, that the point of an economy committee would be to save money wherever possible. But apparently not. At Oxford they believe that to save money you must first spend it. Hence this distinguished and handsomely printed pamphlet.

I may be wrong, of course, in thinking that it is superfluous. There may be some reason for its publication which escapes me. But I do not think so. As a report it is admirable. It is consisely and clearly written, not overburdened with statistics, and elementary enough to be understood by anyone not acquainted with library work. There its usefulness ends. As a piece of publicity for the library it has little point. It explains. It does not invite. It will be found interesting to those who are already users of the library. But these are already convinced of its usefulness. The rest of the population, which wields the unfair weapon of majority, will, I think, still be more concerned with rates than with reading.

I said the report was admirable. I must qualify that, since it closes with a paragraph which blots the whole :

"The Committee has never made large accessions of new fiction, preferring that persons desiring this type of literature should use the usual subscription libraries, thereby leaving the book fund for the more essential work of a library."

This paragraph is as shocking as a pin in the posterior. With the financial aspects of providing new fiction I have nothing to do. But we are to assume from this paragraph that people who cannot afford to join subscription libraries

The Library Assistant

have no right to want to read new fiction. And that, I submit, is pure discrimination. I would recommend Oxford to read the statement of policy at Leyton which I reprinted last month.

Edgar Wallace, Wilkie Collins, and some others

Several bulletins among the budget I have received have had, I notice, the good taste to make the death of Edgar Wallace an occasion for forgiving and forgetting. Coventry, for instance, had a neat little note in the April number of *The Bookshelf*, and Croydon was unusually gracious in making friends. Halifax, however, uses Wallace's name as a peg on which to hang some deprecatory remarks on thrillers in general. Now I hold no brief for Wallace. When, long ago, I had time to waste, I read a few of his novels, but none of them has survived in my memory, except one, *Captains of souls*, which contained a really unusual plot. But when Halifax, looking heavily down its nose, condemns the modern mystery novel as being crude and elementary in presentation, and brings out Poe and Wilkie Collins as examples of masters of the mystery novel, I rise in immediate protest. I can understand the type of mind which prefers the safe masters of yesterday to the unsafe ones of to-day (these moderns are *so* difficult!). I can sympathize with the school-teachers who raptly contemplate the Gioconda in the Louvre and are entirely oblivious of the Luxembourg. We are not all adventurers, and we are not all young. But I have no tolerance for the mind which extols the second-rate of yesterday at the expense of the second-rate of to-day. Poe was a master of the macabre (though I should hesitate, Halifax, to recommend him as a healthy literary stimulus). But he only wrote two "detective stories," and they are dull affairs. Wilkie Collins has even less claim to be elevated. He had neither the genius nor the technical skill of Poe. His *Woman in white* is a pseudo-classic whose small reputation depends entirely on the character of Count Fosco. His *Moonstone* has been bettered half a dozen times in the past five years. His plots, though loaded with a mass of complications, are basically simple. The machinery of his effects creaks almost as much to the modern mind as the worst perpetrations of "Monk" Lewis.

Technically considered, and quite apart from their literary qualities, Poe's two "long short stories" and Collins's two best novels are not in the same street as Croft's *The Cask* and Dorothy Sayers's *Five red herrings*. It is natural that it should be so. Poe and Collins were forerunners of the mystery novel. Other people have reaped from their experiments, and the general technical competence of the modern detective story is very great indeed.

I will go farther, and say that in the matter of artifice the novel as a whole stands higher than it has ever done. The use of the novel form to-day, especially

The Library Assistant

by the women novelists, is often astoundingly brilliant. You notice that I speak only of artifice. Art is of course another matter. There Mr. Arthur Machen will advise you better than I.

The Library journal, March, 1932

There is a something about the American professional press which ours lacks. I am not blaming our professional press for that, though I did once. I have come to realize that professional periodicals only reflect the profession they serve. The main differences between American librarianship, as reflected in its press, and English, are, I think, two. Firstly, the Americans are more outward looking than we are. For instance, this number of *The Library journal* contains a long and well-illustrated article on the new Hunslet Branch Library, Leeds, England. How often do we see a new American library described in our periodicals?

And, also, we can attribute a lot, I think, to our unnatural reserve. We have not got the habit of writing to the papers about it. There is a co-operative spirit about American librarianship which confers vitality on its press. In England, unless one is an assiduous traveller and diligent attender of conferences, one hears of new ideas more or less by accident. In America, as soon as a librarian has a new idea, down it goes into print. Sometimes obvious absurdities are the result, but most certainly, when one opens an American journal, one does get an idea of what is going on.

There is an enormously interesting article in this number on branch libraries in department stores. The idea is at first sight a rather shocking one, but it seems at Newark to have been a very successful experiment. Its adoption in England would have very definite limitations, but it might be used to relieve congestion in some of the sadly overtaxed central libraries in our large provincial towns. What is especially striking in the Newark experiment is that the initiative came, not from the library, but from the stores, and also that one of the stores already ran a subscription library of its own. I am undecided from this whether American commercialism is more or less soulless than I had supposed.

I sigh for the English equivalent to *The Children's librarian's notebook*, which is devoted to reviews of children's books. The space devoted to children's books in English reviews is so small as to be almost non-existent, except at Christmas, when fond uncles are enticed to buy those horrid swindles called, appropriately, "gift-books." In consequence, children's book selection in most English libraries is grievously haphazard. No attempt is made to ascertain the taste of the child, and one sees row upon row of Herbert Strang, Henty, and Manville Fenn, though no self-respecting modern child ever dreams of reading them.

The Library Assistant

PSEUDONYMOUS LITERATURE AND CONSISTENCY

By J. L. THORNTON, *Medical Sciences Library, University College, London*

THE use of pseudonyms by authors has always been one of the stumbling-blocks of librarians, and, although cataloguing codes differ as to the form of entry to be used, as long as one is consistent throughout the catalogue it does not make the least difference which code is adhered to. But can one be consistent?

The A.L.A. Code enters the book under the real name when known, and otherwise under the pseudonym. When a book is written under a pseudonym, in many cases few people are acquainted with the correct form of the name, and it is only aggravating the public to refer them from the name under which they invariably look to that of which they have never heard. Would it not be more practical to enter the book under the name appearing on the title-page followed by the word *pseud.* and the correct form of the name, with a cross-reference from the real name to the pseudonym? The author might in addition write under his real name or under two pseudonyms, in which cases, either after or before the list of books written under the real name, a *see also* reference would be required. This would ensure every book being entered under the name which is most likely to be known to the public and, although all books by the same author would not appear together, the cross-reference to any other name under which the author is known to have written, and from the real name to the pseudonym or pseudonyms ought to form a sufficient guide for everyone. Some people may be acquainted with the real name and will look for the book there, but the cross-reference will point out to them that, although the librarian is perfectly aware of the real name, other people may not be, and after all, it is the majority that should be catered for and not the select few. Often the real names of pseudonyms are only to be found in books which are accessible to very few persons except the cataloguer, and are too obscure to be public knowledge, and while the users of the catalogue are being "educated" by the inclusion of the real name, they will not have the inconvenience of having to refer to it.

In order to be consistent all pseudonyms should be treated alike, even if the real name is "public property."

Sometimes works have to be entered under the pseudonym as if it was the real name, for they are often very confusing, so that it cannot be ascertained whether it is a pseudonym or not, and the real name might not be known even to the cataloguer. If it does not appear in the *Dictionary of anonymous and pseudonymous literature* by Halkett and Laing, or any other book of reference, and the book is

The Library Assistant

clearly pseudonymous, the name should simply be followed by the word *pseud*. Sometimes the name appears too "real" even to be looked up, and is overlooked by the cataloguer. Such entries used frequently to appear in many libraries, but they are being weeded out as the library expands and is rearranged.

The fact that one has to fall back upon the statement "Enter under the pseudonym of a writer *when the real name is not known*" implies that the catalogue compiled upon this rule cannot be entirely satisfactory, because while many of the real names of pseudonymous writers are to be found in books of reference or from other sources, others are of necessity entered under the pseudonym, thus completely confusing the public, who are at a loss to understand why the difference is made between the two entries, as they are not acquainted with the rules. It is only natural that the public should expect to find a book under the name appearing on the title-page, and if suitable references are supplied, as already illustrated, I see no reason why the catalogue should not be more consistent and be more widely used by the general public, who are likely to neglect the catalogue if they find that it confuses rather than helps them.



REPORT ON COMPETITION NO. 4

Set by Frank M. Gardner

SECTION A

THE terms of this competition were, I thought, well enough defined. But several competitors found the occasion too much for them, and were neither brief nor forgiving. They attacked the Library Association's efforts to test our knowledge with wordy virulence. I deplore, too, the prevalence of current American slang. What, by the way, is "boloni"? The competitor who used this esoteric expression also profusely decorated his entry with drawings. Well, he would not have won an art competition either.

Nearly all the entries had flashes. I loved A. C. Fairhurst's "first paper, 10-1 (against the candidate)," and his question, "Frame a model reply to a borrower who, after browsing round a stock of 40,000 volumes, says, 'There is nothing in worth reading.'" He would have been well in the running had he been more selective and less libellous. "Mollusc" started well with, "Why do you know nothing about 'Hortatory notes,' 'Something follows nothing,' and 'Cataloguing'? Be brief and sincere," and "Give a very short account (20 to 25 words) of the history of cataloguing, with dates of battles." But he tailed off badly. "Sicher's" "Mourning paper" was very good, and "Sambo's" phrase,

The Library Assistant

"Indignantly refute," had the authentic "1066" ring. "Candide" was very nearly a winner on his fifth question: "What degree of truth, if any, would you use in an annual report which has (a) the highest library expenditure *per capita*, and (b) an emergency economy committee?"

I have no hesitation, however, in awarding the prize to "Quien," whose classification paper is consistently good, and most nearly interprets the spirit in which the competition was set.

SECTION B

My ideas of a flirtation, it seems, are somewhat out of date. I had no idea that book-titles would lend themselves to such ardent courtship. When I had overcome my blushes, I found this competition more difficult to judge than I had expected. I wanted aptness, but I also wanted a definite double meaning. Most competitors either dragged in book-titles as adjuncts to a love affair or ransacked catalogues to find titles expressing their meaning. I do not think, for instance, that the librarian would have seen a book-title in "Pip, pip" as a farewell. "Quien," who was evidently in good vein, I regretfully disqualified. A. C. Faithurst and Miss Mollie Green were my last choices, and I hesitated between them for some time. But Miss Green's introduction of, "But soft, we are observed," decided the matter.

WINNER, SECTION A

ANONYMOUS LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

Classification Examination

Examiners.—Mr. I. Letu Pass and Miss Eva Syc.

Time.—No object.

Note.—All the questions marked * are compulsory. The others can be answered if you feel in the mood for doing so. Candidates are requested to Write British.

1. "A Library without classification is like a convict without a number." Did anyone say this? If not, why not, and do you believe it?

2. Comment (languidly) on Dewey's phonetic spelling. (Be patriotic.)

3. Given 380 is Commerce and Communications and 650 as Communications and Business, calculate the Dewey number for a typist smoking in a non-smoking compartment on the Southern Railway on Market Day. (Seven decimal places will suffice.)

*4. Compare Brown's classification scheme, your Chief Librarian's, and your own. (Be modest.)

The Library Assistant

5. Write at least three lines on what you know about logic. (Be sagacious.)
6. Give the Dewey numbers for the following: (a) Plus fours; (b) issue "wangling"; (c) staff teas; (d) cross-word puzzles; (e) Stanley Snaith; and (f) these questions. (Very junior juniors may omit a, b, c, e, and f.)
"QUIEN."

WINNER, SECTION B

COMPETITION

(Enter the Handsome Male Borrower)

H.M.B.: *Volume two to renew, please!*

C.F.A.: *Threepence Fine gentleman!*

H.M.B.: *The Deuce! (Facetiously) Sweet man, did you say?*

C.F.A. (coily): . . . *Sir, she said.*

H.M.B. (possessively): *Who's The Old man in the corner who's ogling you over there.*

C.F.A. (alarmed): *But soft, we are observed.*

H.M.B. (angrily, as he points to vigilant librarian): *Lover or friend?*

C.F.A. (with an amused shrug): *Only a clod!*

H.M.B. (ardently): *Dear, lovely one! Come into the sun in Magnolia street.*

C.F.A.: *After eight o'clock.*

H.M.B.: *Beloved. We'll go To Venice and back in a two-seater.*

C.F.A.: *What! With No luggage?*

H.M.B.: *Oh, I've got The Paisley shawl and The Pie crust.*

C.F.A. (sighing): *Those thoughtful people—*

H.M.B.: *And now good-bye. We'll meet again, when no man pursueth.*

MOLLIE GREEN.

THE DIVISIONS

MIDLAND DIVISION

THE April meeting of the Midland Division has, for years past, been devoted to a Magazine Evening. This year, at the meeting on 6th April, at the Reference Library, Birmingham, custom was set aside, and, as the result of a suggestion at the previous Magazine Evening, a Newspaper Evening was held instead.

The Library Assistant

Contributions were as numerous as the attendance was scanty. The absentees missed a great deal, for the contributions were of as high a standard in their class as the Division has ever listened to. They included advertisements, articles, poems, letters to the editor, and obituary notices. Contributors are not slow, on occasions such as these, to display their powers of wit and satire, and the evening, no less than any previous one, brought forth its laughs.

Worth special mention were a couple of special "Ipswich letters." (The original suggestion of a Newspaper Evening came from Mr. L. Chubb, now Chief Librarian of Ipswich Public Libraries.) It was decided that next year the Newspaper idea should be carried out in the detail which the suggester intended, *viz.* the appointment beforehand of a separate sub-editor for every page—political, financial, ladies', sports, etc.—and it should prove more than ever a feature not to be missed when next April arrives.

J. H. D.

NORTH-EASTERN DIVISION

Under the Chairmanship of Mr. James Crawley, Deputy Librarian of Sunderland, and by invitation of the Gateshead Public Libraries Committee, a meeting of the Division was held at Gateshead on Wednesday, 23rd March.

The members were welcomed by the Chairman of the Public Libraries Committee, H. F. Fallow, Esq., J.P., and were invited by him to tea, where he acted the part of the genial Host. After tea a vote of thanks to Mr. Fallow was proposed by Mr. Crawley, who stated that the members were by no means strangers to Mr. Fallow, and that they always enjoyed the pleasure of hearing one of his inimitable speeches.

Replying to this vote of thanks, Mr. Fallow stated that of the many fellowships he knew, the fellowship of books was the best, inasmuch as it was the most comforting and gratifying. He gave a description of the libraries he had very recently visited in Australia, Fiji, Honolulu, New York, etc. It was a most interesting speech, and the journey must have been a truly wonderful experience for such a virile man to have engaged upon, considering that he had passed the Psalmist's allotted span.

The members then adjourned to the Shipley Art Gallery, where a pianoforte recital was given by Mr. Allan Soulsby.

Later in the evening Mr. John Oxberry, Secretary of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, addressed the meeting on "Tyneside books and authors." Naturally he commenced with the Venerable Bede, whose association is local, and whose fame is universal. The earliest printers on Tyneside—Robert Barker and Stephen Bulkley—were dealt with. Historians, such as Bourne, Brand, Hodgson;

The Library Assistant

and poets, Mark Akenside, John Cunningham, and Thomas Wilson, were all introduced, as also was John Forster, the biographer of Dickens, Goldsmith, and Swift. Mention was also made of Daniel Defoe, and the tradition that *Robinson Crusoe* was written in Hillgate (Gateshead). Whilst Tynesiders would have liked the honour of being able to say that such was the case, there was no evidence to support the tradition.

A hearty and appreciative vote of thanks was accorded to Mr Oxberry at the conclusion of his address—which appeared all too short, though it actually occupied one hour in delivery.

This very interesting meeting ended with a vote of thanks to Mr. R. Lillie, Borough Librarian, Gateshead, for his efforts in arranging so successfully the details of the meeting.

W. E. HURFORD, *Hon. Secretary.*

NORTH-WESTERN DIVISION

The Annual Meeting of the Division was held at Liverpool on Wednesday, 3rd February, 1932.

During the afternoon a visit was paid to Messrs. Bryant & May's match factory at Garston. This is a model of modern business enterprise. It lies amidst forty acres of playing-fields, and contains dining-halls, gymnasiums, dental clinic, dance hall, etc., a perfect example of what can be done for work-people. One wonders what our "hard-hit" ratepayers would have to say if local government officers were "pampered" (!) similarly. However, it is a delightful factory, and the management had very kindly provided tea. Altogether it will be a long time before we forget this visit to Garston.

The Annual Meeting was held in the Reference Library at Liverpool (by kind permission of G. H. Parry, Esq., F.L.A., Chief Librarian).

The reports of the Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary were read and adopted, and the following officers elected:

<i>President</i>	.	.	Miss E. Stubbs, Liverpool.
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	Mr. J. A. Cartledge, Manchester.
<i>Hon. Secretary</i>	.	.	Mr. R. Howarth, Warrington.
<i>Hon. Treasurer</i>	.	.	Mr. H. Hamer, Bolton.

Representatives to L.A. (N.W. Branch) Council: Miss E. Stubbs, Messrs. W. S. Haugh, J. A. Cartledge, H. Fostall.

Miss E. Stubbs, in her Presidential Address, reviewed the past, present, and future of librarianship in an eminently sane and thoughtful manner. Inevitably,

The Library Assistant

of course, her ideas of the future were highly contentious, but her ideals were rather refreshing in these days of scepticism, and her skilful blending of the lessons of the past with the problems of to-day and to-morrow was altogether admirable.

A most enjoyable meeting closed with thanks to all concerned in the splendid arrangements, moved by the retiring President (Mr. S. Horrocks) and seconded by Mr. R. Howarth.

SOUTH-WESTERN DIVISION

The second meeting of the year was held at Portsmouth on Wednesday, 20th April, having been postponed from 6th April on account of the poor support. The attendance was still far from good, only 16 members—one-third of the total strength of the Division—being present. After a short visit to the City Art Gallery, where Mr. James Hutt, M.A., the City Librarian and Curator, gave a short account of the exhibition of works by the St. Ives Colony of artists, members walked through the Southsea Rock Gardens to Kimbell's Café for tea.

The business of the day was transacted at the Café after tea. The minutes of the previous meeting having been taken as read, the Hon. Secretary reported the inclusion of the Libraries at Eastleigh and Salisbury within the Division. New Divisional rules were passed and ordered to be submitted to the Council for approval. A Motion was also passed authorizing the Division to set aside each year a sum from the Divisional funds to subsidize a member from each library in the Division to attend the Annual Meeting of the Association. The date and place of the next meeting were left to the Hon. Secretary to arrange; details will be announced later.

After the business meeting, the papers for the magazine evening were read. Seven papers had been submitted, and the first prize of 10s. (to be spent on books) was awarded to the Hon. Secretary for a poem dealing with the towns constituting the Division. The second prize of 5s. went to Mr. A. Ll. Carver for a paper entitled, "Should library staffs be paid?"

The proceedings concluded with a vote of thanks to Mr. Hutt and the Portsmouth staff.

The Committee feel that, since its inception in 1927, the Division has been characterized by the monotony of its proceedings, and it is believed that Sunday rambles into, say, the New Forest would be popular. So far no definite proposals have been made, but if at the next meeting evidence is forthcoming that sufficient support would be given, the Hon. Secretary will try to arrange an outing somewhen in July. At least half of the members will have to attend to make the function a success.

F. W. SMITH, *Hon. Secretary.*

The Library Assistant

NEW MEMBERS

J. W. ABBOTT, T. P. Cavanagh, A. H. Gardner (Poplar); J. Beattie, (Belfast); E. N. Brookfield, Eileen A. Fowles (Maidstone); E. T. Bryant, L. M. Dunn, Edna Hodges (Hornsey); Miss A. M. Dimbleby (Middlesex County); E. R. Gamester (West Ham); Irene L. Hawke, Gladys A. J. Lanham, Dorothy M. Pickard (Croydon); G. W. Horner (Fulham); H. A. Izart (London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine); Olive A. Johnson (Girls' Village Home Library, Barkingside); Miss I. McMullen, W. W. Read (Woolwich); F. B. Merrett (Greenwich); L. G. Patrick (Univ. of London Library); Miss O. M. Peart (Heston-Isleworth); Clifford Rimmer (Kendal); R. A. Waller (Taunton); Eva Wright (Ilford).

Midland Division—Winifred M. Ashworth, Bella M. Bunting, Vere Burt, Margaret M. Hibbs, Erica B. Hicks, Ruth Ibbotson, Edgar H. Sargeant, Elsie F. Shepherd, Gilbert S. Shepherd, Winifred M. Shirley, Elizabeth R. Smith, Margaret M. Thompson, Nellie Tonks, Mary C. Ward (Birmingham); Norman G. Beasley (Birmingham University); Mildred M. Dunn, Gwendolene E. Farmer, Winifred M. Johnson (Coventry); Winifred A. Forth (Leicester).

North-Eastern Division.—Miss F. B. Cockcroft, W. J. Swales, N. Turner (Blyth); Pearl A. Todd, Freda M. Wright (Newcastle); Edith Vest (Durham County); Nancy Davidson, Kathleen Mair, John T. Shaw (Sunderland); Miss C. McBratney, Miss C. MacLoughlin (Darlington).

North-Western Division.—Kenneth C. Harrison (Hyde); Miss E. Stanner (Manchester).

South-Eastern Division.—Miss M. Geddes (Hove); D. Wickham, G. Trower (East Sussex County Library, Lewes).

South-Western Division.—A. H. Jenkins (Salisbury); Miss E. Tildesley (Portsmouth); R. C. Wright (Bournemouth).

South Wales Division.—Elsie M. John (Cardiff); Patricia Sullivan (Pontypridd).

Yorkshire Division.—Philip Harrison (Hull); Miss M. W. Wilkinson, Miss N. M. Rush (Leeds); Miss Caple, Miss E. Hoggard, Miss Weaver (West Riding County, Wakefield); W. M. Gregory, Doris M. Hodgson (Sheffield).

TRANSFERS FROM TRANSITIONAL TO FULL MEMBERSHIP

Central Association	32
North-Western Division	2
South-Western Division	1
Yorkshire Division	4
East Anglian Division	4
South Wales Division.	2

TRADE UNION
ALL DEPTS.



Telephone:
WATERLOO 1259

P. G. CHAPMAN & CO.

Holders of London C.G. Honours

LIBRARY BINDERS

ALL LEATHERS USED GUARANTEED FREE FROM ACID
REPAIRING WORK A SPECIALITY
BEST MATERIALS ONLY
PUBLIC LIBRARY CONTRACTORS

Tender Forms and Enquiries Invited

P. G. CHAPMAN & CO., 123 TOOLEY ST.,
LONDON, S.E.1

G. BLUNT & SONS

Through our efforts, and at great expense,
we were instrumental in superseding the
oversewn method of construction.

Take advantage of the
experience gained
since the intro-
duction
of



LEAD
THE WAY

OUR GUARANTEE

All Books printed on spongy
paper, guarded throughout
with serrated paper guards.

REBINDINGS AND ORNAMENTAL BINDINGS

Inspection of our new Works and Showroom
by Public Librarians and Assistants welcomed

Send for List of Titles in our Ornamental Bindings

Telephones:
Willesden 0083, 4347

NORTH ACTON RD., HARLESDEN, N.W.10